

*The Comickall Historie of*

*You that chuse not by the view  
Chance as faire, and chuse as true :  
Since this fortune falls to you,  
Be content, and seeke no new,  
If you be well pleas'd with this,  
And hold your fortune for your blisse,  
Turne you where your Lady is,  
And claime her with a loving kisse.*

A gentle scroule : Faire Lady, by your leave,  
I come by note to give, and to receave;  
Like one of two contending in a prize  
That thinks he hath done well in peoples eyes:  
Hearing applause and vniuersall shour,  
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt  
Whether those peales of praise be his or no :  
So thrice faire Lady stand I, even so,  
As doubtfull whether what I see be true,  
Untill confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

*Por.* You see me Lord *Bassanio* where I stand,  
Such as I am ; though for my selfe alone  
I would not be ambitious in my wish  
To wish my selfe much better; yet for you,  
I would be trebled twenty times my selfe,  
A thousand times more faire, ten thousand times  
More rich, that onely to stand high in your account,  
I might in vertues, beauties, livings, friends,  
Exceed account : but the full summe of me  
Is summe of something : which to terme in grosse,  
Is an unlesson'd Girle, unschooll'd, unpracticed;  
Happy in this, she is not yet so old  
But she may learne : happier then this,  
She is not bred so dull, but she can learne ;  
Happiest of all, is that her gentle spirit  
Commits it selfe to yours to be directed,  
As from her Lord, her Governour, her King.  
My selfe, and what is mine, to you and yours  
Is now converted. But now I was the Lord

Of

*the Merchant of Venice.*

Of this faire mansion, master of my servants,  
Queene ore my selfe : and even now, but now,  
This house, these servants, and this same my selfe  
Are yours, my Lord, I give them with this ring,  
Which when you part from, loose, or give away,  
Let it presage the ruine of your love,  
And be my vantage to exclaime on you.  
*Bass.* Madam, you have bereft me of all words,  
Onely my blood speakes to you in my vaines,  
And there is such confusion in my powers,  
As after some Oration fairely spoke  
By a beloved Prince, there doth appeare  
Among the buzzing pleased multitude,  
Where every something being blent together,  
Turnes to a wilde of nothing, save of joy  
Exprest, and not exprest : but when this Ring  
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence,  
O then be bold to say *Bassanio's* dead.

*Ner.* My Lord and Lady, it is now our time  
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,  
To cry, good joy, good joy, my Lord and Lady,  
*Grat.* My Lord *Bassanio*, and my gentle Lady,  
I wish you all the joy that you can wish :  
For I am sure you can wish none from me :  
And when your honours meane to solemnize  
The bargaine of your faith, I do beseech you,  
Even at that time I may be married to.

*Bass.* With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

*Grat.* I thanke your Lordship, you have got me one.  
My eyes my Lord can looke as swift as yours :  
You saw the mistres, I beheld the maid :  
You lov'd, I lov'd for intermission.  
No more pertains to me my Lord then you ;  
Your fortune stood upon the Casker there,  
And so did mine to as the matter falls :  
For wooing heere untill I swet againe,  
And swearing till my very rough was dry  
With oathes of love, at last, if promise last

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